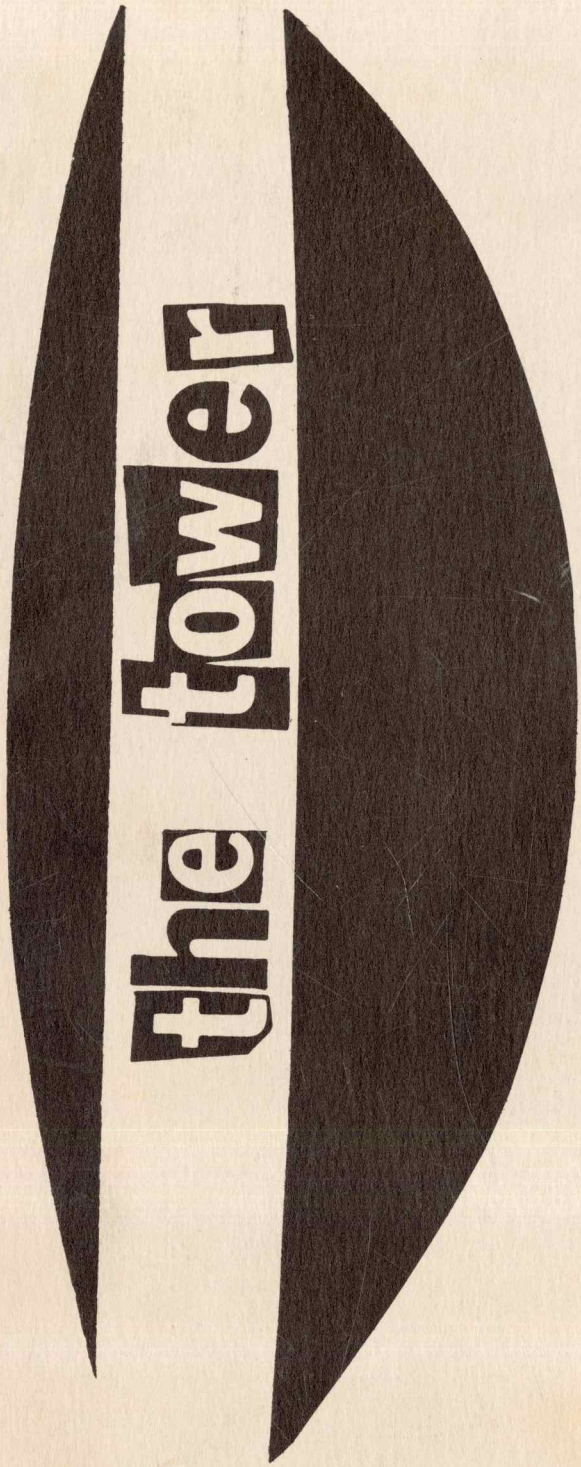
SPRING, 1960



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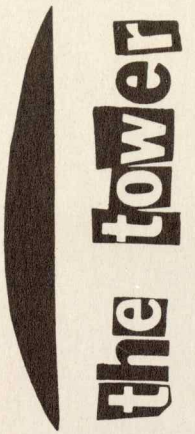

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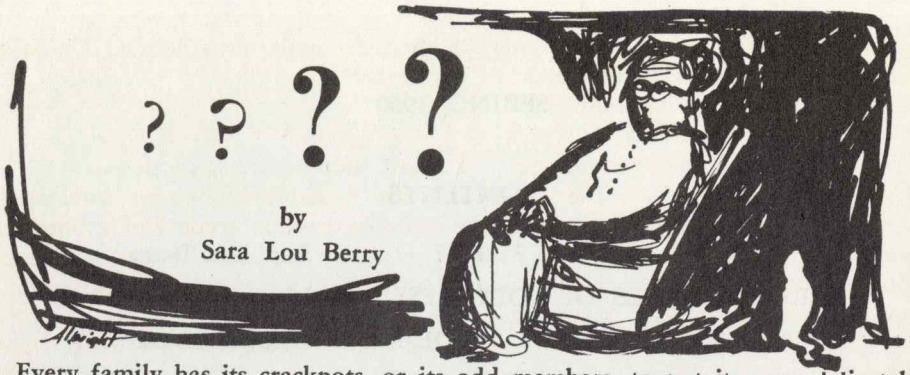


? ? ? ?

by
Sara Lou Berry

Every family has its crackpots, or its odd members, to put it more delicately. But the Walker family, to which I rather hesitantly claim kin, could certainly take the lead in any comparison. I don't know if this oddness was inherited, but I do know that Cousin Emmy, who began tracing our family tree several years ago, suddenly stopped in the eighteenth century and was never heard to speak of it after that. Well, this tendency in our family led to a lot of whispering among the townspeople of Middleton and the members of my family (at least among those members who felt quite sure that this taint was nowhere present in them). There was one they talked about intermittently for years until the incident with Aunt Muriel, the one I'm going to tell you about in this story.

Perhaps before I go on with Aunt Muriel, I should give you some information about the town we live in and about the immediate members of my family. Middleton is one of those small-sized American towns you read about and the people who live there are about average though some of them would probably disagree with me on this point. Our family had been there for years and years, and with the exception of our large number of odd members, was as average as the next one. My father was a respectable grocer and my mother made delicious chocolate cakes for church bazaars. At the time the whispering began about Aunt Muriel, I was helping my father in his store during the summer before my first year in college.

Aunt Muriel had moved away from Middleton when she married, but after her husband, Nathan, died, she came back and moved into a small house about three blocks from ours where she rented a room to Ruth Matherson, a middle-aged spinster who was a secretary to one of the lawyers in Middleton. Aunt Muriel visited us a lot at first, but gradually her appearances became a routine of about once every two weeks. My mother worried about Aunt Muriel being by herself all day, but my father told her not to worry so much, that Aunt Muriel had plenty to do what with her canning so much. She did plenty of it, too. Our shelves, that weren't already well-stocked from my mother's canning, were full to overflowing with the stuff Aunt Muriel had given us. Her specialty was peaches, which she got wholesale from my father, and I got so tired of them that till this day it's all I can do to look at a peach.

We hadn't noticed anything strange about Aunt Muriel except her forgetting sometimes that she had just given us ten jars of canned peaches. But as I said, we had learned of nothing particularly odd until once when my father and I came home for lunch, my mother greeted us rather mysteriously.

"John," she said to my father, "there's something we must discuss."

"What is it?" asked my father, intent on his meal.

She cast a suspicious eye at me, and then she must have decided I wouldn't listen anyway, for she turned back to my father.

"It's about your Aunt Muriel."

"What about her?"

"She bring some more peaches?" I asked, hoping she had not.

Mother gave me a withering glance and I suddenly became interested in the food on my plate. I knew she was building up the scene for a bombshell. That was the way my mother did things. She beat around the bush as long as possible, then with her histrionic nature, dealt the blow. "Ruth Matherson has moved out," she told us solemnly.

"Why?" asked by father disinterestedly, and I waited for her usual flare-up when no one appreciated one of her little dramas. But it didn't come. Instead, she replied as solemn as before, "It's just awful."

"What is?" I could tell my father was getting tired of the suspense.

"What she told."

"For heaven's sake, Marj, what has happened?"

"Well, I heard it over at Martha Calder's this morning. I went over there to take her some of the tomatoes I had canned; you know how she likes them." My father nodded impatiently, and I settled back. He would just never learn that Mother saved the punch line for the end, the very end. "Well, Sarah Gibson was already there and she stopped talking when I came in. I told her to go on, but she just looked sort of uncomfortable. Then Martha said, 'You might as well go on and tell her, because she'll hear it anyway.' I asked what she was talking about and Martha said Sarah had come over to tell her about Aunt Muriel and Ruth. Naturally I asked what it was and I was a little worried because Aunt Muriel hasn't been over in some time. And do you know what has happened?" She flung this last at my father; I saw him struggle to hold his temper and finally say, "No, what?"

"Ruth told this herself to Helen Mason and Sarah got it straight from her. Ruth said she had noticed Aunt Muriel doing strange little things . . ."

"What sort of strange things?" interrupted my father.

"Oh, I don't know, just strange things. Anyway, Ruth wasn't worried at first, She just overlooked most of it. Then, just recently Aunt Muriel began talking about her sister, Agatha, and mentioned that she was coming to visit her real soon." I should note at this point that Agatha was Aunt Muriel's older sister who had died many years before. My father and I both perked up at this news.

"But Agatha's dead!" blurted my father, upstaging my mother.

"Yes, dear, but that's not all of the story. Ruth knows about Agatha and it was when Aunt Muriel began talking like that that she got scared. Then Tuesday night Ruth was in her room reading a book when Aunt Muriel knocked on the door. She asked Ruth to come in the living room because there was someone there she wanted her to meet. Ruth hadn't heard anyone come in, but she figured she had just been too engrossed in her book to notice it. So she followed Aunt Muriel into the living room, but there was no one there. Aunt Muriel just smiled and said, 'She must be in the kitchen. She probably wants some milk.' Ruth followed her on back to the kitchen and there in the middle of the floor was a dirty old yellow cat. Aunt Muriel turned to Ruth and said,

'Ruth, I want you to meet Agatha.' Ruth managed to say a few words of greeting and then ran to her room. She packed that night and the next morning moved to Mrs. Webb's boardinghouse." My mother looked at both of us. "That's it," she announced.

"But . . . but . . ." stammered my father.

"You see, I told you it was awful. The poor thing's losing her mind. What are we going to do, John?"

"Do? What can we do?"

"Well, we must do something. Why don't we invite her over for supper tonight? Jimmy can run over there and ask her right now."

"Who? Me!" I searched my mind vainly for an excuse.

"That's a good idea," I heard my father betraying me. "We'll get her to talk and just see for ourselves. This may turn out to be a fancy of hers."

Fancy or not, I wanted no part of it, but my mother insisted and after I finished lunch I started on my way. I tried to make up in my mind what I would say if she wanted to introduce me to Agatha. I couldn't shake off the feeling of how stupid I would sound saying, "How do you do?" to a cat. But I was lucky that time. Aunt Muriel was sitting on her front porch and a few furtive glances showed me that there wasn't a yellow cat in sight.

"Well, hello, Jimmy. What brings you over? You want some peaches and cake? I just canned twenty jars this week."

"No, ma'm," I said quickly, "I just ate. Mother sent me over to ask you to supper tonight."

"Now isn't that nice," she said, smiling in her bright little way. "I'd love to, but I'll have to come home early. I'm expecting company tonight. Agatha's bringing Gabriel home with her."

I mumbled something in return and said good-bye. When I rounded the corner from her house, I ran all the way to the store. My father was waiting on Mrs. Higgs and I stood on one foot and then the other, impatiently, until she left.

He took one look at my face and asked me what was the matter. I told him what Aunt Muriel had said and his face went white. Then he told me to finish arranging one of the shelves and he went back to the back of the store to cut up some chickens. We didn't talk any more about Aunt Muriel, but I was thinking about her and I know he was too. I was wondering how long it would go on, all these long gone relatives coming back and all. Gabriel Newsom, Agatha's husband, had died three years before her, and everyone had said that she grieved herself to death over him.

When we got home that evening, Aunt Muriel was already there and my mother had sort of a wild look in her eyes. It stayed all during supper and until Aunt Muriel left. When we saw her disappear down the street, my mother turned to us stunned, "She say's Agatha's bringing Gabriel with her tonight."

My father and I nodded silently. From that day on, Aunt Muriel became the chief topic of conversation in our family, and in our town. Her flights of fancy were carefully analyzed and discussed. Someone suggested that maybe Aunt Muriel had read about transmigration and had believed it, but when she was sounded, very discreetly, on this, she looked blank and said she had never heard of it.

It went on like that for two months and then one day I was delivering some groceries and I passed her house. She was on the porch and she hollered at me to stop on my way back. I peddled back slowly and knocked the kickstand down with a great deal of deliberation in her front yard. I nodded to Agatha and Gabriel, who turned out to be a big black cat with white paws, and followed her to the kitchen where she fixed me a glass of lemonade. I gulped it down as quickly as I could and mumbled something about having to get back to the store. She stopped me at the door with that bright little smile. "Jimmy, do you know what Gabriel told me last night?"

"No, ma'm," I replied weakly.

"He said Nathan is coming. Won't that be nice, the four of us together again?"

I said yes it would and left. I waited till supper and told my mother and father at the same time.

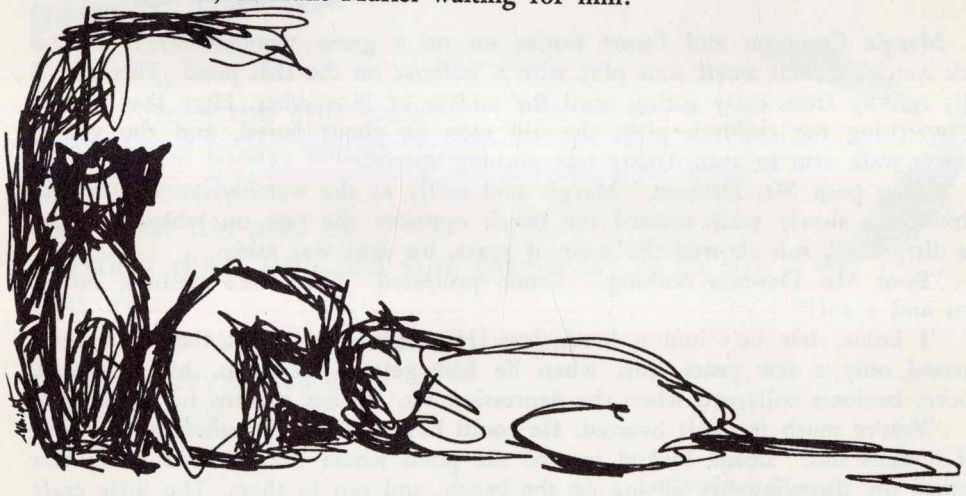
"That's it," my father announced. "We'll have to call a doctor or something."

"But what could a doctor do, dear? And it would be foolish to send a woman as old as she is to a psychiatrist. We'll just have to watch her. That's all we can do."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," answered my father wearily.

We all waited for that fateful day when Aunt Muriel would announce that her husband had come. But the day never came or leastways I'm not sure. I guess it'll always be a puzzle. Anyway, one day in August, Aunt Muriel suddenly took sick and died within three days. It was quite a shock to all of us, because she had never been a sickly sort of person.

A few weeks later my father began to clear up the business matters connected with her death and the little house three blocks from ours was put up for sale. Nobody bought the house that summer, though, and it may still be empty for all I know. But the day before I left for school, I happened to be passing by the house and suddenly I stopped. There on the front porch were three cats, Agatha, Gabriel, and another, a sort of mingledy-colored cat. The third one yowled at me and I went on hurriedly. Now what I wonder is, was that Nathan waiting for Aunt Muriel, or Aunt Muriel waiting for him?



Three Voyages Of "Delores"

by
Mary L. Baker

Margie Compton and Leone Butler sat on a green wooden bench in the park watching their small sons play with a sailboat on the fish pond. This was a daily activity from early spring until the middle of November. Here they would sit, watching the children play, the old men sit about bored, and the young couples walk arm in arm. Today was nothing special.

"That poor Mr. Dawson," Margie said softly as she watched an old, white-haired man slowly walk toward the bench opposite the one on which she sat. His dirty black suit showed the wear of years, his skin was ashen.

"Poor Mr. Dawson nothing!" Leone protested. "Why he's nothing but a bum and a sot!"

"I know, but he's had a hard time. His wife died when they had been married only a few years. Just when he had gotten over that, his wholesale grocery business collapsed when the depression hit. He has reasons for drinking."

"You're much too soft hearted. He could have still made something of himself. Others did." Leone looked toward the pond where the children were. She jumped up, throwing her sewing on the bench, and ran to them. The little craft

had hit a rock in the middle of the pond and was marooned. The boys were soaked from the knees down where they had waded in after it.

"Don't you boys know better than to get all wet? You might step on a broken bottle and hurt yourself. There're all sorts of things in the pond. Here, let me sail it once." She gave the boat a push and it skimmed off across the ripply surface of the water.

Leone returned to the sun-bathed bench. She had just become engrossed in her needlework, when a sudden wind blew one of the puffy white clouds over the sun. She looked again toward the pond, where the wind had blown the sailboat over. She was pleased and amused to see her son and Robbie Campton retrieve it with a long stick.

"Well, they're learning!" she laughed to Margie. They sewed silently for a few minutes. Then Leone asked, "What did his wife die of, Margie?"

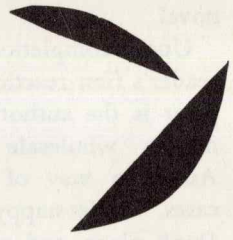
"It was an accident. She was always having parties and was the center of a young group of couples. One afternoon she was entertaining on her terrace, and fell down the stone steps. It seems she just lost her balance or tripped. She was carrying a tray. Her neck was broken and she died in a few hours. Everyone was so terribly shocked. It took almost three years for Mr. Dawson to get to the point where he could spend a whole day in his office."

"How horrible!" Leone whispered. "I don't have to ask about his business failing. Daddy almost lost everything he had. I'll never forget those years! Our graduating class couldn't even afford to have annuals printed. I guess we were the only class to ever graduate from Henry High without one."

"Oh, we had one! I was the assistant editor and . . ." They chatted on about memories, and P.T.A., and Elaine Moore's recipe for cheesecake.

Frank Dawson walked over to the edge of the pond. The sun beamed warmly upon his tired body. He watched the two boys playing with their sailboats and envied them their carefree occupation. The wind was causing small waves on the once peaceful pond. One of the waves swept across the deck of the toy boat and it capsized, its portside pointed to the sky baring the blue letters—DELORES. The old man turned from the pond and drawing a half empty whiskey bottle from his coat pocket, placed its open mouth to his dry lips.

poem



Emerging
        from the still waters
The limpid body, moist, cool,
Drinks deeply
        of the arid air.
Choking dust; iron red sun; grime
Spit into
        the waste of broken heaps.
Behind hazy horizons
Sinks slowly
        Salvation.

—Carolyn Moody

Lolita

Vladmir Nabokov

For a generation reared on 20th century novels, the shock impact of *Lolita* is practically impotent. *Lolita* deals with a middle-aged man who has a barely controllable desire for what he terms nymphets —nymphs between the ages of 9 and 14. Lolita becomes the particular object of his perversion. The author handles this subject so cleverly that the reader's sympathy is not with the indifferent 12 year old girl, but with the middle-aged pervert. The reader so closely identifies himself with Hubert Humbert that he suffers along with him in the pursuit of his desire.

Clever description and far-fetched metaphors are sprinkled throughout the book. For example the season of year was identified as being the time in which the dandelion's sun had changed to moon.

In certain sections descriptions became long and tedious roamings of the country-side. Nabokov's style—clear, spontaneous, and tinted with dry humor and observations—is an outstanding feature of the novel.

Upon completion of *Lolita* the reader's first reaction may well be—what is the author's purpose? Is it not a wholesale satire on the American way of life—psychiatric cases, tourist-happy travelers, high-flung plans, and most of all, glorification of the stupid American teen-ager.

Lolita becomes one of those permanent puzzlers—an object for literary speculation.

Endgame

A Play
by Samuel Beckett

Beckett belongs to the misunderstood group of contemporary playwrights. *Endgame,* one of his recent plays, provides an excellent opportunity for mental gymnastics, being a play in which the reader or spectator can invent his own plot and interpretation. In the words of Harold Hobson, "Mr. Beckett is a poet: and the business of a poet is not to clarify, but to suggest; to imply, to employ words with auras of association, with a reaching out toward a vision, a probing down into an emotion, beyond the compass of explicit definition." One never knows if the play is highly symbolic or intentionally obscure.

In *Endgame,* Mr. Beckett displays a striking originality—who else would think of placing the parents of the main character in ash bins. The approach and interpretation of the characters is certainly different from what one is accustomed to in the theater. Hamm, blind and bound to an armchair, whistles for his companion, Clov, who has every characteristic of a faithful though resentful dog. Because of original qualities like these, the theatrical production of *Endgame* could be quite spectacular.

Although *Endgame* remains a mystery, it is a provocative reading experience.

Me And My Shadow

A Study of the Persecution Complex of Man
by
Dr. Otto Van Duren, Phd.

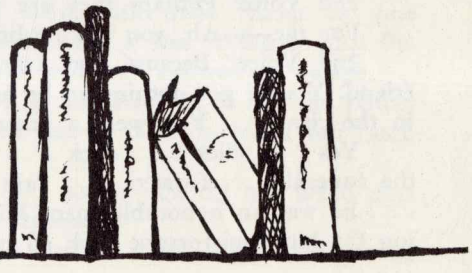
This book presents an interesting psychological study of one of the most popular complexes of the human individual. The author designates this complex as the "big black dog" complex. The reason for this nomer stems from the recent discovery by the author that the victims of this adenoidal affliction perceive themselves pursued by a "big black dog".

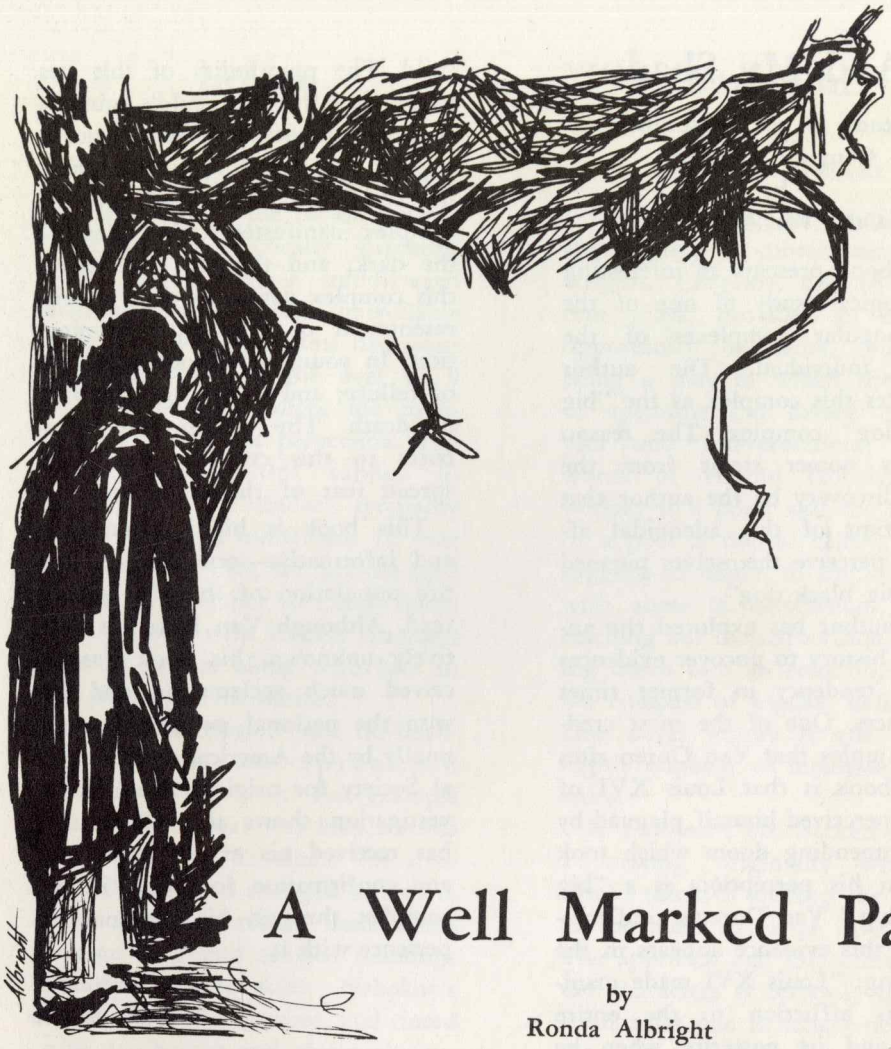
The author has explored the annals of history to uncover evidences of this tendency in former times and places. One of the most credible examples that Van Duren cites in his book is that Louis XVI of France perceived himself plagued by some impending doom which took form in his perception as a "big black dog." Van Duren's confirmation of this evidence appears in the following: "Louis XVI made manifest his affliction to the entire world and its posterity when he stated 'Apres moi, le deluge'."

Van Duren has given case histories of many individuals whom he has analyzed minutely tracing the origin and development of this complex in the individual. Many cases in which this complex is present show evidences of prenatal influences. For example, we find one case in which the mother was actually frightened by a black German police dog two days before the birth of the child, thus passing this complex to the mind of the child. The plausibility of this lies in the fact that the child's mind is in a highly receptive stage from 1 week to 2 days before birth. During the childhood of this subject this complex manifested itself in fear of the dark; and then in adolescence this complex developed into a deep resentment of a parental domination. In young adulthood, the fear of failure; and in old age, the fear of death. The author also attributes to this complex the widespread fear of the black man.

This book is highly interesting and informative—one that the entire population of the U.S. should read. Although Van Duren is relatively unknown, his book has received much acclamation and has won the national award given annually by the American Experimental Society for original research. Investigation shows that the author has received his expert knowledge and confirmation for belief in this complex through his personal experience with it.

Jane Ingram
Rebecca Broom





A Well Marked Path

by
Ronda Albright

I'm positive I've seen this place before . . . click . . . click . . . click . . . click. . . . Could it have been in the Spring? no . . . click . . . click . . . I wasn't here then. It seems so deserted now . . . click . . . click . . . tap . . . as if everything dead were waiting for something. They have been waiting and waiting, but—now—they are almost satisfied.

1st Voice: The dead are calm—the dead are patient—yet they cannot wait much longer.

2nd Voice: Perhaps they are waiting for you.

For me——Ah, you are foolish. Why would they wait for me?

2nd Voice: Because you are important. Don't underestimate yourself, my friend. You've got nothing to be ashamed of. You were a man of high standing in the city. . . . You were a great man.

Yes . . . click . . . click . . . You're right of course—an honorable man—the funeral . . . flowers . . . rain . . . what did he say?—"an honorable man . . . he was an honorable man. Misfortune saw him once—misfortune was waiting for him—misfortune took an honorable man" . . . click . . . click . . . click

. . . click. . . . Why did he say that—I'M NOT HONORABLE. . . . They don't know—they can't know—they must not know. I'll never let them.

The flowers—the flowers—red ones and yellow ones—expensive wreathes from charitable friends—hah!—What friends. They were all there—and I was there too. I saw them. False faces of grief . . . What do they care? Why should they—they sent flowers, that's all . . . flowers from the best shop in town. I can see them making the purchases . . . "Your best arrangement please—money no object"—"What sort of flowers sir?"—"Oh—It doesn't matter—just anything". . . . Red and yellow. Common—anything is for the common—common is for the anything—What does it matter—anything. Pity . . . They didn't remember my love for white lilies.

Where have I seen this place? . . . click . . . tap . . . click. Is it possible to have experienced so monstrous a dream long ago? ah, but surely that must be the solution . . . But, then, is it really monstrous? . . . monstrous . . . a harsh term . . . No, I think—fantastically pleasant might be better—yes, that's it. Imagination is generally a sign of intelligence. Yes—and if I dreamed it, then, perhaps—oh, do you suppose—perhaps this, too, might be a dream?

Dream—Am I awake?—Of course I'm awake—awake and quite at my senses.

1st Voice: Confusion—confusion . . . If you were really at your senses, your thoughts would not be running around so in your head. Why are you pretending? Why don't you face the facts? The inevitable is waiting for you.

The inevitable . . . I must face the inevitable. It's cold in this place . . . tap . . . click . . . tap . . . I am so cold.

1st Voice: Of course you're cold—What else can you expect? I say, what sort of thing do you presume to deserve?—So you're cold . . . Well, that's what all such as you get. Warmth is for the others. Comfort is far, far away.

2nd Voice: Don't listen to that. You are not evil . . . There is good in you. You must fight the evil forces. Fight them now, for this is your last chance . . . your very last chance.

Yes, I must fight the evil. That's what my father said to me. He said I could be a big man. He said I had to show the world how good I was. But at school they laughed at my ambitions. They laughed—and did not understand. And then I wrote a book all about my dreams and hopes . . . It wasn't a great book, but it was part of me. I was only seventeen . . . It was a small book. When I had finished, I let them read it—They read it . . . and laughed. "Why can't you understand?" I shouted—but they only stared and laughed . . . and stared. They did not understand. I could not make them see the good I was trying to convey.

I was young then—I grew older. From time to time I would create beautiful works . . . poems of the greatest sensitivity—and stories . . . ah, but my stories were magnificent. Yes, they were good. But even with these things no one understood my real purpose . . . no one realized what I was trying to do. Because they did not comprehend my meaning, the evil was allowed to escape.

1st Voice: Of course the evil escaped. That is only natural. It has the power —you have none. It can capture man in tangled snares, but you could not catch it even if you had wings.

2nd Voice: But man must not chase evil . . . surely you do not mean that my friend. You wish only to comprehend its argument.

Its argument?—yes—perhaps that could be so . . . yet . . . it might be

that I am destined to become a part of evil—that I am compelled, by stranger forces than I have known, to a close communion with sin. And if this be so, then I must direct my course accordingly.

1st Voice: Direct your course?—why bother—Fate is at the wheel. You have no power of choice—you have no crossroad to puzzle over. It is as if a paper map were drawn for your benefit. The roads are all there, but your path is marked in red . . . bright red . . . so bright that its glare diminishes all the other ways; and even though they exist, you cannot see them.

What are you saying? . . . You are mistaken . . . I am free, just as you are free . . . What are you telling me? . . . I have a mind—I have a will—I am a man of honor, with good judgment and brave intelligence.

1st Voice: Fate exists, and evil exists . . . You are dead, but they remain—unquenchable and indestructible. They existed yesterday, but you refused to greet them—now it is inevitable.

I do not believe you—You are not real, and your ideas are not real.

1st Voice: I am real—they are real.

2nd Voice: He is real—I would help you if I could, but there is nothing I can do—now.

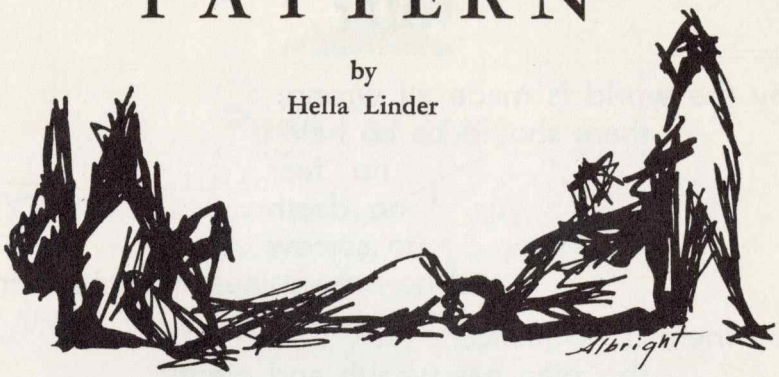
Poem

What is this———
cherry wine and princess bones
white rat and a tobacco can
———can it walk
can it sing
walk barefoot in newly plowed
earth – look in the mirror
— cut off your silly head and
watch it
tumbling, tumbling
Tumbling into a sewer———
then cry
Cry
and pray.

—Jeanette Caudle

PATTERN

by
Hella Linder



A flash of light rips across the dark skies. The rumble of thunder is heard faintly—far off. In a few seconds the rumble has increased into a loud roar that causes the tender petals of a flower to tremble slightly. A drop of crystal clear water falls from the heavens, splashes onto a leaf, gently rolls down the broad middle and hangs suspended in mid-air. Suddenly the drop takes a plunge and falls to the ground to be taken in by the thirsty earth.

All life is so. First, the bright lightning of pain as the infant slips from its dark cave, the mother's womb.

Then, the faint rumble of awareness as the infant begins to take in his surroundings. A mother's soft hands, the nipple from which comes nourishment, the warm blankets covering him when he sleeps.

As the infant grows into the stages of early childhood the rumbling becomes louder. He takes in the small adventures of exploring the attic on rainy days, the thrill of darkness and fear which is found in the livingroom closet, the stories and tales of expeditions taken by brave and strong men which lend a spirit of well being when heard around the fireside. The inviting aroma that drifts from a mother's kitchen and the sweet, yet harsh smell coming from the spilled bottle of father's hair tonic, these are to be remembered and associated with home.

The child learns quickly, he must learn hard, so that when the time comes, he will survive the flashing teeth of the world. In school he is permitted his first glimpse at and encounter with the older generation. He faces his instructors each day and is expected to act mature but is still protected by the dreams and hopes of children, his classmates. As the child learns, forgets, remembers and explores throughout his years of growth he finds himself gazing more and more into the gap of life as it widens steadily, almost ready for him to crawl through.

The gap is open! The young man stands at the doorstep of his home, the decision line of his life. For a second he stands in silence, like the raindrop suspended in mid-air, a bit frightened. One step backwards he will find a life he knows well, the love, comfort and forgiveness of home. Before him? Before him lies the whole world, arms open wide, showing new adventures, new loves, new hardships, and, maybe if he looks closely, new happiness. The young man takes a step forward and is hungrily swallowed into life.

WHY?

You say the world is made all wrong;
there should be no hate . . . . . .
no fear . . . . . .
no death . . . . . .
no sorrow . . . . . .
and no unhappiness for any man.

You say there is no justice . . . . . .
this man has wealth and plenty
and he has not deserved it;
while that man there has cold
and hunger
and loneliness
and he deserved better!

WHY . . . . . why?
Why is it so?

GOD! Why did you make such a life for us?
you shout.

You want an answer now . . . . NOW
a voice like a thunderbolt . . .
You wait . . . . . and you listen . . . . .

BUT GOD WON'T ANSWER!

Foolish little man: You won't know soon . . . .
not for many years . . .
many questions . . .
perhaps not in this world . . .
But don't stop asking . . . .

Don't be stilled by the still ones . . . dulled by the dull ones.
Doubt . . . . . and seek
. . . . . and question.

For when you know,
you will have the "Because" to the one great "Why."

—*Helen Brasfield*

Page For Love

Oh, I would love to be with you
Among the flowers crowned with dew,
Or ride with you along the hills
Above the heads of daffodils.

Oh, I would love to see you glide
From a snow-capped mountain side,
Where starlight glistens in the snow;
And sheets of ice bed lakes below.

Oh, I would love to hear you singing,
While the chapel bells are ringing,
And to see your cheerful smile
Near me, when I pray awhile.

Oh, I would love to be with you
When the moon is full and new—
To know that you are always near,
But can't you tell? I love you, dear.

When the first frost shows her will
And takes the dew-dropped daffodil,
When summer comes with suns that glow
And summon death to mountain snow,

When church doors close with passing time
And chapel bells have ceased to chime,
When stars don't shine and moons aren't new,
Oh, I would love to be with you.

—Margaret Campbell

I am a dabbler in desire
A dilletante of passion . . . .
I play the game of love
according to my own rules.
With the dedication of the
chess fanatic
The delicacy of the gossamer insect
flitting from blossom to blossom
I pursue this, my sport,
Until one day I taste
the nectar of the sun-dew . . . .

—C. Angele

The fire-horses are flying tonight
Their blue-green manes burn in the night
Their ghostly screams are heard by the moon
The blood-red moon in the sky tonight!

Their lightning hoofs strike sparks on the ground
Golden fire, without making a sound
Dancing and whirling with furious rhythm
Their madness is seen by Sirius the Hound.

The Dog Star Sirius, the Hound of Heaven
To whom much knowledge and wisdom was given
He sees the fire-horses flash through the night
And knows that another sun has arisen.

—C. Angele

When sun remembers zenith
And shadows must wait to lengthen
And rays hesitate down
To renew pallid acquaintances
And the floor is broken
Into miles of confetti
Shake mind's sluggishness
And know faith and love
Can be springless watches.

—Gary Foy

The cat-like clarinet
Wails its forlorn message
To the starlings that
Drink champagne cocktails
($1.50 soldier)
And the guitar weeps
In syncopated sorrow.
Broad-hipped bitches with
Faces painted like clowns
Weave among the
Khaki-clad youth,
Snickering at the
Militant virgin sipping
Gin at her usual

LONE

Table.
And God is tending bar tonight.

—Charles Thomas

They listen to Mozart
And the readings of Dylan Thomas
On Multispeakerhifistereosets
OR
Watch the unblinking eye
(That marvel of science)
That never watches back.
But they never see the
Lightening tree
Like me.

Or hear the flowers weeping
In the night.

Or the tinkle of
Raindrops as they
Fall
and
b r e a k.

Or feel the heat of the moon.

Except a few.

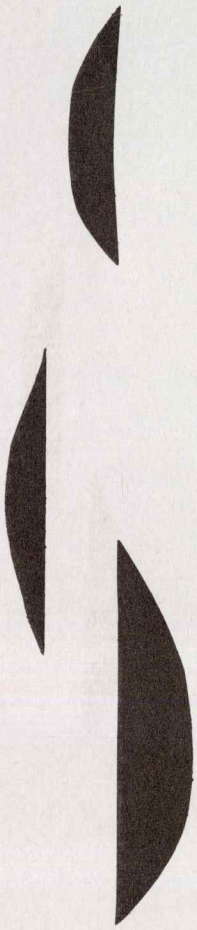
And together (darling?)
We will climb the
Black Mountain
And rip our bony hands
On the flint,
Until we reach the place
Where we can
Bathe each other
(Laughinglikechildren)
In moonbeams
(They smell like ice)
While stardust glows in your hair.

—Charles Thomas

We rush through the lead-like
Fog
And meet head-on
And kiss passionately
And hotly
And long.
As if that would help.
While our minds
Still remain enclosed
In solemn black
Caskets,
Nailed with silver nails,
Sealed with the seal of god,
Welded tight by the
Scorching breath of the
Watcher
As he laughs.
(We know this, and
know it makes absolutely no sense at all
Yet we sit very quietly
While the stars make helium
and love one another.)

—*Charles Thomas*

Poem 1



Let the days pass on
In slowing succession,
I cannot stop them—
Or even delay their
Determined duration for
a moment,
For they are not
My playthings—my hands
Can never even feel them.
I cannot feel anything.
I cannot feel anything.
For my fingers have no
Sense of touch now . . .
Not enough. Is there need
to go on?
My eyes cannot see,
And I am almost blind.
Is there need to continue?
What I search for is hidden
Beyond discovery it does seem—
Beyond reach.
I am existing in a
World of mighty fools,
And I am not quite sane.

—Ronda Albright

Philosophy

A world so madly sane,
    So rationally mad
So tearful in its mirth,
    So jocularly sad,

May sell its sacred vows
    For fifty cents a share,
Or auction off the throne of God
    For all I care.

So saintly damned, so damned uncouth
    Precariously I'll stand
Babbling of the bird in bush
    Worth two in hand,

Exulting in a metaphor,
    I'll cry "Come, fill the cup!"
Till someone comes longfaced along
    To lock me up.

Till unicorns are cherry trees
    And violets are vain
I'll take the universe apart
    And make it right and sane.

And all these lunatics may try
    Till oceans turn to gin
To get into my new-made world,
    But I'll NOT let them in!

—Angeline Waites

Sea Dirge

Gusts of a restless night
Of wind and smoke mounting the milky way
Have lulled our will awake
Wreaking the protest of insensate rocks
Fretting resolve with shocks
Of rain smell, sea smell, of astringent smoke
The well–too well–remembered reek
Of driftwood in a fire
Pungent as a smouldering desire.

The sea is in this shell;
It roars against our adamance and breaks
In tempests, scorning the bleak sentinels
That guard the naked shore.
The rhythmic, tulmultous roar
Is gone into our blood and mocks
Our rhapsodies with turgid dissonance.

No more, no more, no more–!
Naked to the sea, without defense
We stand betrayed by brittle, crumbling rocks
We thought should stand between us and the sea,
Should keep us sound against the stark desire
That plundering, inexorable sea:

We are unone by driftwood in a fire,
Our senses shattered in strange shocks
Of smoking seaweed and a driftwood ember
And oceans flecked with amethyst and amber.

A Siren's low voice singing in a shell
Has lured us to despair:
We drown with seaweed tangled in our hair
And salt upon our lips not of the sea
And I shall know this acrid smoke in hell
Still strangling on the sharp astringency
Of a remembered pain:
Of driftwood smouldering in a gust of rain.

—Angeline Waites

"Cinderella" was attacked by a male of a different race. The attacker was killed by a policeman when he refused to halt as he ran leaving the badly beaten girl. To the girl's horror, she later learned she was pregnant. The overbearing thought that she was to have a child of mixed races drove her to take her own life in the last few weeks of her carriage. As she fell to the floor with blood still streaming from the cut arteries of her wrists, her step-grandfather, a wise old man of many years, and her younger cousin, who possessed an adventureous spirit and a sensitive soul to fair play, entered the room. The situation was comprehended at once by both since they knew of her melancholy moods as the dreaded day approached.

"The girl is dead."

"Yes, but look, her stomach moves. The child lives!"

"Could a doctor perform a Caesarean operation and save the child?"

"Yes, if he could get here in time; the rain has made the detour road almost impassable and the bridge across the Big River is still out."

"I'll call him at once."

"Wait, son, should the child be forced to live?"

"Of course he has the right to live! He has the right to all of life: the pleasure of nature, the fight for survival, and the chance to grow old and wise. Would you deny anyone the pleasure of seeing the golden rays of a setting sun change the snowcap of a mountain peak into a glistening diamond? Would you keep from him the tantalizing smell of pies cooling in a window or the refreshingness of a cool dip in mid-summer? Every boy needs a bloody nose to appreciate the other fellow's opinion; and a narrow escape from death helps one to re-evaluate life's pleasures. The accumulation of wisdom through experience as one slowly counts his birthdays rightly belongs to all. Who are we to judge another's life as useless and keep it from him? Or, do you blame the child for the death of both of its parents?"

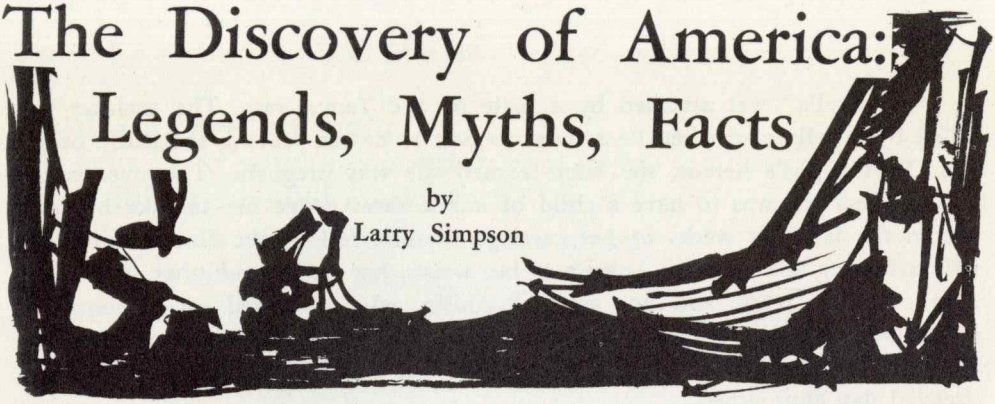
"No, son, the child cannot be blamed; but how would you feel if you knew that your conception resulted in the death of both of your parents? Are we qualified to choose between letting an innocent child die unborn or in forcing on it a life of hardships as this one will have to face? Its very existence is against the mores of both races. One race will look down on him; will not associate with him; will force him into the lower level of the other race. The other race will scorn him and deprive him of any true love for his fellowman. He will be a man without a race. How could he hope for a chance to gain prestige as an individual in a world that doesn't want him? How could he enjoy nature when in it he can see animals with similar odd traits being accepted by the other animals while he is always considered an outsider? Would not it be more merciful to spare him all the frustrations that he will surely have to endure?"

Take Its Life Or Let It Live?

by

Donald William Hatcher

The Discovery of America: Legends, Myths, Facts



by
Larry Simpson

Ask any young schoolboy who discovered America and immediately you will get an emphatic Christopher Columbus. Ask any schoolboy about the Vikings and he will recite tales of strong, brave, bearded men who sailed to Iceland, Greenland and perhaps North America. But ask, in connection with the discovery of America about Pytheas, Hoei-sin, Quetzacoatl, St. Brendan, and Antonio Zeno. The chances are you will hear nothing. Yet all of these names have lived down through the ages as discoverers of America. Whether legends, myths or facts no one can positively say. Let us look at each of the above men and examine their case while keeping in mind one important fact; the last word in history is never written.

PYTHEAS OF MASSILIA—330 B. C.

Pytheas of Massilia, a Greek trader and a skilled astronomer, has emerged in the last few decades as a towering figure in early exploration. He is credited with determining the latitude of Massilia with considerable accuracy, and he was able to make valuable observations on the tides of the Atlantic. For a person living over three hundred years before the birth of Christ these feats seem remarkable. But to him is reserved greater renown for Pytheas of Massilia is given credit for making one of the noteworthy expeditions of history.

From ancient historians we learn that in the year 330 B. C., Pytheas sailed from Massilia, coasted Spain and France, and sailed to Britain. The explorer landed on a part of Britain which he called Cantion (modern Kent) and traveled over the land on foot until he reached Orcas the northern most point of the island. It was in Orcas that Pytheas learned of a land called Thule, lying at a distance of six days' sail from Britain. Pytheas undertook the journey to Thule, reached it, and even sailed about one hundred miles beyond it before slushy ice stopped further progress.[1]

Vilhjalmur Stefansson in *Ultima Thule* attempts to prove that the Thule which Pytheas reached in 330 B. C. was Iceland and that the Greek was the first to reach the islands of the New World. The author cites such quotations from Pytheas' lost book *The Ocean* as, "Thule is, by ship, six days away from Britain toward the North" (Strabo)[2] and "Beyond Thule we meet with the sluggish and congealed sea" (Solinus).[3] Stefansson continues with many other

1. J. N. L. Baker, "History of Geographical Discovery and Exploration" (Houghton Mifflin Co.: New York, N. Y., 1931), p. 22.
2. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, "Great Adventures and Explorations (The Dial Press: New York, N. Y., 1947), p. 18.
3. Ibid., p. 20.

quotations from ancient historians which all seem to fit the general description of Iceland.

On the other hand, many of the ancients rejected Pytheas' discovery. How, asks Polybius, could a private individual conduct such a vast expedition? Strabo accused Pytheas of having forged his takes, "making use of his acquaintance with astronomy and mathematics to fabricate his false narration."[4]

The main difference between Pytheas and Strabo is that the latter thought the bounds of the habitable earth should be fixed at Iceland. The former knew better. Pytheas' complete vindication is the work of modern scholarship.

HOEI-SIN—499

The Chinese, though favorably situated for reaching North America by way of the Aleutian Islands, were not inclined to undertake voyages of discovery because of their self-satisfied and self-centered attitude. But although the travels of the Chinese monks were toward shrines and commercial centers, there were some missionary journeys in other directions. Of these journeys, the most debated and the most doubted is the journey of the monk Hoei-sin in 499 to Fusang.[5]

Charles G. Leland, in his book *Fusang,* published in 1875, attempts to prove that Fusang was actually the western coast of North America. Among his reasons in support of the theory is that Hoei-sin called Fusang the Land of Marked Bodies which to Leland could only mean the tattooed bodies of the Alaskan Eskimos.[6]

Charles R. Beazley in *The Dawn of Modern Geography* finds it inherently probable that the Fusang journey was actually made, and that there were other voyages, perhaps going further. He says, "it seems unreasonable to reject entirely the Chinese tradition of a Far Eastern land answering to some part of Western North America . . . it is impossible to doubt that in the past, as in the present, men could pass from one continent to the other by the stepping-stones of the Aleutian Islands, or the narrow passage of Bering Straits."[7]

Charles Leland and the school of Fusang students take the view that the Hoei-sin voyage is so crusted with myth and miracle that the original truth can be found only by patient and reasonable study.

Earlier strangers, perhaps other Orientals like Hoei-sin, as well as Europeans had come, had vanished, and had made no special difference. Whether legend, myth or fact, the voyage of Hoei-sin made no real contribution to geographical knowledge and is in no sense a discovery of America.

QUETZALCOATL—500-800

In Mexico there is a Zapotic tradition of a white-skinned teacher who came by sea from the East in a boat with wings (sails), bearing a cross. Quetzalcoatl or Wixipecocha, as the natives called him, remained in Mexico for several years teaching a new religion. He then returned to the holy island of Tlapallan in a vessel which was made of serpent's skin.

4. Frederick J. Pohl, "The Lost Discovery" (W. W. Norton and Co., Inc.: New York, N. Y., 1952), p. 11.
5. Stefansson, op. cit., pp. 109-10.
6. Charles G. Leland, "Fusang" (J. B. Lippincott Co.: New York, N. Y., 1875), pp. 12-14.
7. Charles R. Beazley, "The Dawn of Modern Geography" (Oxford University Press: New York, N. Y., 1906), pp. 68-70.

There are several points that lead one to believe the possibility of Christian influence in the Aztec religion. The Spaniards, under Cortez, found ancient stone crosses in Mexico venerated as objects of religious worship, with beliefs in the Unity of God and the Trinity, the ideas of the Incarnation and redemption, and the practice of infant baptism, penance, flagellation, confession, and absolutism.[8]

William H. Prescot, in his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* says:

> *The secrets of the confessional were held inviolable, and penances were imposed of much the same kind as those enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church.*

Prescot continues:

> *In contemplating the religious system of the Aztecs, one is struck with its apparent incongruity, as if some portions of it had emanated from a comparatively refined people, open to gentle influences, while the rest breathes a spirit of unmitigated ferocity. It naturally suggests the idea of two distinct sources.*[9]

When Cortez entered Mexico his personal appearance reminded the Aztecs of their legendary Quetzalcoatl; but as Prescot shows, the Indians were given an opportunity to learn the difference in character between Quetzalcoatl and Cortez.

Who Quetzalcoatl was no one knows. Even if there was such a person we cannot say that he "discovered" America since no known historical records were left. For the present Quetzalcoatl must remain a legend.

ST. BRENDAN—*ca*-550

The *Book* of *Lismore,* a fifteenth-century version compiled from older versions of the voyages of St. Brendan, abbot of a Benedictine monastery in Ireland, states that St. Brendan

> *desired to leave his land and his country, his parents and his fatherland, and he urgently besought the Lord to give him a land secret, hidden, secure, and delightful, separated from men.*[10]

St. Brendan set out to sea first with a crew of sixty in a large vessel built in Connaught. It was on this voyage, traditionally to have taken place about 550, that St. Brendan was to discover Iceland and Greenland, thus laying a claim to the discovery of the New World.

In the *Book* of *Lismore* we find the following passage that proves St. Brendan undoubtedly crossed the Atlantic from Ireland to Iceland and Greenland.

> *They saw a column in the sea, which seemed not far off, yet they could not reach it for three days. When they drew near it, St. Brendan looked toward the summit, but could not see it because of its great height, which seemed to pierce the skies. It was covered with*

8. Pohl, op. cit., pp. 259-60.
9. William H. Prescott, "History of the Conquest of Mexico" (A. L. Burt Co.: New York, N. Y., 1843), pp. 64-71.
10. Pohl, op. cit., p. 256.

a rare canopy, the material of which they knew not; but it had the color of silver and was hard as marble, while the column itself was of the clearest crystal. St. Brendan ordered the brethren to take in their oars and to lower the sails and mast, and directed some of them to hold on by the fringes of the canopy, which extended about a mile from the column, and about the same depth into the sea. They ran the boat in through an opening. The sea seemed transparent like glass. While they sailed along for a day by one side of the column they could always feel the shade as well as the heat of the sun, beyond the ninth hour.[11]

A glacier on a Greenland mountain or a towering iceberg miles in length common to the Greenland area answers the description of the crystal column in the sea. Ice in such quantity and appearance was something of which the Irish had had no experience.

Feeling the chill of the ice, St. Brendan skirted a glaciated coast for four days. On the fifth day they "rowed toward the north".[12] They discovered "a volcanic island, very rugged and rocky, covered with slag, without trees or herbage".[13] From their description the land has been identified as the island of Jan Mayen some three hundred miles northeast of Iceland.

The St. Brendan story is one of the most widespread in the literature of the early Middle Ages. It is found not only in the folk literature of the Irish, but also in that of many other northwestern European countries. St. Brendan is even reported to have landed on an island to celebrate Easter while in search of the Isle of the Blessed. When the monks lit a fire, the island began to move and they fled to their ship. What they thought was an island turned out to be a large whale.[14]

Tales comparable to the above have crusted the voyages of St. Brendan and branded them as myths. It is not a historical fact, therefore, that the voyage to Iceland, Greenland and Jan Mayen was made by St. Brendan, nor that it was even made during his lifetime. But even if St. Brendan did not do all the voyaging with which he is credited, the circumstantial details indicate that Irishmen had sailed far to the north, to the west, and to the south in the Atlantic. Irish books, bells, and croziers found by the Norsemen in the tenth century prove that Iceland and Greenland had been discovered many years before Erik the Red sailed.[15]

ERIK THE RED—982

Erik Thorwaldson, known as Erik the Red, was born in 955 and was descended from a prosperous family of large landowners in Norway. In 978 Erik's father, Thorwald, emigrated to Iceland with his family. Since Iceland had been settled over one hundred years before the family arrived, they found all the good land already inhabited. They were compelled to settle in a desolate spot in the extreme northwestern corner of Iceland. Dissatisfied with the loneliness and limited opportunities of his surroundings, Erik moved south to

11. Ibid., p. 257.
12. Ibid., p. 258.
13. Stefansson, op. cit., p. 34.
14. Clark B. Firestone, "The Coasts of Illusion" (Harper and Brothers: New York, N. Y., 1924), p. 90.
15. Pohl, op. cit., p. 259.

Hankedal, in a more favored part of the island. Here he was married and obtained a tract of wild land on which he built a small house and began to clear land. But bad luck still pursued him. In a series of quarrels, Erik killed two men and subsequently lost his slaves, farm, and his liberty to live in the district. He moved to another district only to become involved in another quarrel. Several men were killed and Erik was declared an outlaw for three years.[16]

Erik left Iceland and sailed westward into the sea. About a hundred years before this time a kinsman of Erik named Gunbjorn had been driven by storms far west from Iceland and had sighted several islands which were called Gunbjorn's Skerries. It was to discover and explore there islands that Erik sailed west.

Erik's discovery of Greenland took place in the year 982 which to some historians is the first authentic date in American history. Erik remained in Greenland for three years exploring up and down the coast. His years of banishment were now ended, and being well satisfied with the land he had discovered, he returned to Iceland to seek colonists. Erik proved to be a competent colonizer for when he department in 986 he led a fleet of twenty-five ships filled with colonists. Unfortunately a storm was encountered on the voyage and over half the fleet was destroyed. Nevertheless, fourteen remaining ships reached Greenland and founded a colony which soon numbered three thousand.[17]

To Erik Thorwaldson we may safely give the honor of being the first to establish a permanent settlement in the islands of the New World.

LEIF ERIKSON—1003

The story of Leif Erikson comes down to us in *Hauk's Book,* written in Icelandic on ancient vellum pages. The book was prepared in 1320 from the stirring stories recited by the sagamen for centuries. It tells how Leif, in the year 1000, sailed to Norway where he was well received by King Olaf. The Christian religion was then sweeping into Scandinavia and King Olaf had been converted to Christianity for several years. The king persuaded Leif and his crew to be baptized and laid upon Leif the mission of carrying Christianity to Greenland.

Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the water. At last the storm abated and Leif reached Greenland safely.

It is likely that Leif, while on a missionary journey through Greenland, heard the story of timbered lands only a few days sailing away.[18]

Leif determined to find these valuable lands and made ready for the voyage. He hired a crew of thirty-five men among whom some had, several years before, seen the land to the southwest. After several days of rough sailing, the Norsemen beheld a land "like one flat rock right up to the glaciers". Leif therefore called the land Helluland or Flat Rock Land now believed to be Newfoundland.

The expedition left Helluland and sailed for several days when they reached a second land which was "low-lying and wooded with stretches of white sand". This land Leif named Markland. His landing place in Markland is thought to be the southern end of Nova Scotia.[19]

16. Hjalmar R. Holand, "Westward From Vinland" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: New York, N. Y., 1940), p. 4-6.
17. Hjalmar R. Holand, "America 1355-1364" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: New York, N. Y., 1946), p. 6.
18. Pohl, op. cit., pp. 38-42.
19. Holand, "Westward From Vinland", op. cit. pp. 13-19.

Leif sailed away with a northeasterly wind for two days before they again sighted land. They came to an island lying north of a cape. After landing on the island they sailed south until they came to the mouth of a river which issued out of a lake. When the tide came in, they sailed up the river and into the lake. Finding the country pleasing, they decided to spend the winter in order to explore.

Leif named the land Vinland because of the abundance of grapes and vines. Just where Vinland is located is a much debated subject. Over the years historians have placed the location of Vinland from the Carolinas to Labrador. At any rate, the landing of Leif Erikson in Vinland in the year 1003 is thought by many to have been the first landing on the continental shores of the New World.[20]

To support the theory of Norse explorations in America years before the voyages of Columbus, such "finds" as the Newport Tower, Kensington Rune Stone, Beardmone relics, ancient mooring stones, and other artifacts attributed to the early Norse explorers, are pointed to as proof.

The Newport Tower, located in Newport, Rhode Island, stands as a cylinder of rough stones, on eight round columns, with no incised date to tell when it was erected, and no written record to inform us who built it or for what purpose. It is one of the oldest structures built by the white man in America.

The theory that the Newport Tower was built by the Norse was first presented by C. C. Rafn of the Royal University of Denmark. In 1839, Rafn published a supplement to his earlier work *Antiquitates Americanse* in which he came to the conclusion that the tower was an ancient Norse baptistery. More recent writers, such as Philip Means in his book, *Newport Tower,* published in 1942, uphold the Norse theory. Nevertheless, for lack of documentary proof, the origin of the Newport Tower has remained an unsolved mystery.[21]

The Kensington Rune Stone, a large slab inscribed with rows of peculiar symbols, was found in 1898 by a Swedish immigrant, Olof Ohman, on his farm near Kensington, Minnesota. Language experts found the inscription to be Scandinavian runic writing and translated it:

> *8 Swedes and 22 Norvegians on an exploration journey from Vinland westward. We had our camp by two rocky inlets one day's journey north of this stone. We were out fishing one day. When we came home we found 10 red-men with blood and dead. AVM save us from evil.*
>
> *We have 10 men by the sea to look after our ships 14 day's journey from this island. Year 1362.*[22]

An authority on Scandinavian languages, Erik Wahlgren, in his book, *The Kensington Stone, A Mystery Solved,* explains why the inscription on the stone cannot be authentic. Wahlgren believes the Vikings could not have left their ships only fourteen days' journey from Minnesota. They could not have sailed their ships past Niagara Falls and the next nearest shore is on Hudson Bay, 2,200 miles distant.[23]

20. Ibid., pp. 22-28.
21. Holand, "America 1355-1364", op. cit. pp. 18-41.
22. Holand, "Westward From Vinland", op. cit., pp. 97-8.
23. Erik Wahlgren, "The Kensington Stone, A Mystery Solved" (University of Wisconsin Press:. Madison, Wisc., 1958), pp. 75-80.

Also, the inscription is unreasonably long. Most genuine rune stones are cryptic since stone carving is such hard, slow work.

Wahlgren continues with many interesting arguments against the authenticity of the stone but does not come to a firm conclusion as to who perpetuated the hoax. He points out, however, that Ohman owned a Swedish encyclopedia which was well thumbed at a section on the history of the Swedish language.[24]

The Beardmore relics consist of an iron sword, axe-head and bar, found near Beardmore, Ontario in 1930. The facts about the discovery have become crusted with doubts since the relics were not brought to light until several years after they were found. The sword, however, does answer the description of eleventh century Viking arms. At the present the Beardmore relics seem reputable.[25]

On the whole, the Norsemen were of little importance. They came, settled, fought the Indians, and left. Of North America they tell us nothing save that it was inhabited; that there grew in its forests such timber as they had never seen; that the winter days were longer than in Greenland. They built, perhaps, the Newport Tower. Perhaps again they penetrated into Ontario about the year 1000 and on into Minnesota in 1362 where possibly they left the Kensington Rune Stone. Gunine or not these archeological curiosities tell nothing of what the country was like before Columbus. That is a story which must still be patched together from the casual observations of weary men, often in danger of their lives, mostly untrained in observation, almost always so exhausted by the mere effort to stay alive that they had little time or energy to write more than the scanty notes and journals that they left behind.

ANTONIO ZENO—1398

The story of the Zeno brothers, Antonio and Nicolo, begins in 1390 when Nicolo set out from the Mediterranean "to see the world" and was driven off course and shipwrecked on one of the Faerae Islands. According to the customs of the Middle Ages the natives of the island came upon the stranded survivors and were about to kill them when Henry Sinclair, chief of the country, arrived and prevented the barbaric deed. On learning of Nicolo's knowledge of the latest Mediterranean inventions and of his military and nautical skill, Sinclair treated him with much courtesy. Presently a great friendship developed between the two.

In his first letter home, Nicolo requested his younger brother, Antonio, to join him. Antonio answered his brother's request by arriving in 1391. In the course of their service to Sinclair, the Zeno brothers had their interest aroused by reports about Greenland. On one of their voyages to Greenland, Nicolo died and Antonio succeeded to his office.[26]

At the instigation of Sinclair, Antonio undertook a voyage in the Atlantic Ocean in order to vertify some fisherman's report of the existence of land a thousand miles or more to the west. After a twenty-eight day voyage the expedition sighted land and named it Estotiland which is thought to be Newfoundland.

24. Erik Wahlgren, "The Case of the Kensington Rune Stone", "American Heritage", Vol. X, No. 3, (April, 1959), p. 104.

25. Pohl, op. cit., pp. 283-289.

26. Ibid., pp. 206-25.

The voyages of Nicolo and Antonio Zeno are made available by the letters to his brother Carlo published in 1958. Unfortunately, the letters with maps were stored in the palace of the Zeno family for over a hundred years until they were found by a descendant, Nicolo Zeno, who in publishing the letters superimposed upon the maps a series of parallels of latitude with false values printed on them. "The false latitudes thus added to the Zeno map soon brought it into discredit, and modern historians, apparently unaware how they were added to the map, have without just cause maligned this honest and quite competent discoverer."[27]

The geographical description of Estotiland does sound like Newfoundland but even if it is we cannot be sure.

The list of pre-Columbian "discoverers" of America could continue with many other explorers claiming recognition. Two Portuguese, Joao Ramalho in 1490 and Joao Vaz Cortereal in 1464, are said to have landed in America.

"There is a story that in 1488 a certain Jean Cousin, of Dieppe, while sailing down the west coast of Africa was caught in a storm and blown across to Brazil. This was certainly quite possible, for it was not so very unlike what happened in 1500 to Pedro Alvarez de Cabral".[28]

Another story of pre-Columbian voyages is that of the Polish pilot John Sykolny, who, in the service of King Christian I of Denmark, is said to have sailed to Greenland in 1476, and to have touched the Coast of Labrador.[29]

More than one modern historian is convinced of the truth in the legend of Madoc the Welsh prince. The legend has it that in 1170, Madoc landed at Mobile Bay in southern Alabama and explored as far north as Kentucky where his party was destroyed by Indians.[30]

Still, in no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and the western halves of our planet until the voyage of Columbus in 1492.

THE CASE OF THE CLAIMANT—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

We have seen that European contacts with the New World had taken place a very long time before 1492, and had been so long forgotten that in the days of Columbus it was as though they had never occurred. From ancient charts, maps and journals, we now know that in Europe there was some knowledge of land on the western side of the Atlantic.

The story of Columbus is of a pattern often repeated in history, of a man credited with a discovery that had already been made by someone else. "Bering, for example, did not discover Bering Strait; Ponce de Leon did not discover Florida; Balboa did not discovery the Pacific."[31] Obviously by the word "discover" we cannot mean "to be the first to set eyes on", for it we accept that definition, we must declare ourselves in ignorance of the names of practically all geographical discoverers. Some may define the word "discover" as meaning "to be the first European of historical record whom we can name who set eyes on". If this is our definition, then in the case of areas as vast as America, which consists of two continents and many adjacent islands, we are confronted with a long

27. William H. Hobbs, "The Fourteenth Century Discovery of America by Antonio Zeno", "The Scientific Monthly", Vol. LXXII, (January, 1951), pp. 24-31.
28. John Fiske, "The Discovery of America", Vol. I (Houghton Mifflin Co.: New York, N. Y., 1892), p. 150.
29. Holand, "Westward From Vinland," op. cit. p. 281.
30. "The Folklore of America", "Life", Vol. 47, No. 9 (August 31, 1959), p. 59.
31. Pohl, op. cit., p. 245.

list of discoverers of individual islands and of various portions of the continental shores. For example, on his first voyage in 1492 Columbus was the first European of historical record to reach the West Indies, the first to set eyes on the islands of San Salvador, Bahamas, Cuba, Haiti, Whatlings Island and Crooked Island. However, in discovering these, he was not the first discoverer of islands in the New World; for as we have seen, Greenland and islands off the North American Coast had long been discovered.[32]

Columbus cannot be credited with the discovery of America as a geographical fact becase to his dying day he insisted that he had found a new route to the Indies by sailing west. But Columbus' achievement was much more than sailing west over the edge of the world and making an unsuspected landfall. He was no plain explorer, but a man with a passion, an enthusiasm which swept up and carried with him the first generation of New World explorers.

"Columbus recovered, not discovered" the land on the western side of the Atlantic. Against the prevailing ignorance of geography in Spain, his assertion that he had reached the islands off the coast of Asia by sailing westward stood out with dramatic vividness. Columbus would have appeared less sensational among Scandinavians who knew that lands lay across the Atlantic which ancestors had found to be inhabited by savages who in no way resembled Marco Polo's description of the highly civilized subjects of the emperor of Cathy.[33]

Columbus is more important to history than the early discoverers because his voyages changed the western world. They pointed the way to a new land awaiting settlers, offering opportunity and hope for millions. Some of the early discoverers opened a way for others, but only a few availed themselves of the opportunity. Columbus opened a way, and Europe followed, though it followed him to a world of which he had never dreamed.

Since the Norse settlements in America did not survive, Columbus was the first to establish an enduring European settlement on the western side of the Atlantic. When he set out in 1493 as the leader of a fleet of vessels bearing 1,500 men to whom he had promised a short passage to India, he was actually setting out as the founder of the Spanish Empire. As long as that empire continued to expand, the prestige of Columbus continued to grow until his name overshadowed those who accomplished discoveries for which he was erroneously given credit.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the first voyage of Columbus was not a discovery of any part of America but a discovery of the ocean. He gave to Spain and to all Europe a practical sailing route across the Atlantic and back to Europe. Columbus opened the way for someone else to discover the geographical fact of the existence of a New World. Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492 and received international and papal recognition for that fact. He crossed again in 1943. Queen Isabella ordered monthly sailings in both directions in 1494, and the Atlantic has been crossed every year since.[34]

The lives of few men have so clearly affected the history of millions over the centuries as Columbus! The significance of his voyage is not in the discovery alone, but in hurrying others along the same path.

32. Samuel E. Morison, "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" (Little, Brown and Co.: Boston, Mass., 1942), p. 226-280.
33. Pohl, op. cit. p. 247-49.
34. Ibid., pp. 251-53.

THE BATTLE

by
Bob Stoddard

The room was small but very clean; it smelled of freshly-washed bedsheets, and the odor of the recent meal still clung reluctantly. Mr. Harkins lay quietly in the bed reading *A Place in the Sun*. The nurse opened the door and peeked in, then backed out and retired to her quarters.

A dot of an ant struggled under the bed with a crumb of yellow cake three times his size. He scurried around it and attacked it from every direction. Every so often he would manage to move it a fraction of an inch, but he seemed unsure what to do with it, which way to go.

The light from the modern table lamp illuminated the pages of Mr. Harkins' book and he read on. He presently put the book down to rub his eyes and yawn.

It didn't seem so bad anymore, this trouble with his health, all the doctor's orders and lectures. At first he had been really frightened. People died of heart attacks. He knew this from his business. He even had a relative (Uncle Herman, a religious old goat who had tried to get him to attend church services and who bored him for over an hour once by telling him how he should "find God") who had died of heart illness. But the doctors, although stern and quite demanding, had indicated to him in a roundabout way that with rest and release from tension he could recover fully in time.

Harkins wished he would get well quickly. There were things to be done at the office. Someone had to keep those damn salesmen busy, and then there was the Holmes case to be cleared up. That Holmes was undoubtedly trying to pull something. Hadn't investigator Edmonds found only last week that there was trouble between him and his wife? Neighbors had heard them quarreling more than once. And falling down stairs was such an improbable way to die. Holmes would play hell collecting 10,000 dollars if *he* were there to handle the case.

The door opened and the nurse came in carrying a tray with a large glass of water and a bottle of capsules on it. Harkins grunted as he sat up, his flabby muscles straining to lift his bulky body. He took the pills and set the glass back on the tray, and the nurse retired quietly.

As he began reading again, Mr. Harkins was suddenly jolted by a burning spasm in his chest. It seemed to burn and scorch across his soft flesh, then to sink into his lungs and cause his breath to come in hot gasps. His eyes were

opened wide as if in great surprise, and his short fingers gripped the sheets with a desperate force. He kept waiting for the pain to subside, but it held on, coming now at body-jolting intervals, making it difficult to breathe.

Thoughts ran at a crazy pace through Mr. Harkins' mind . . . "Call the nurse! . . . Religious old fool, imagine me in church with a bunch of misguided reformers . . . God? Who's God? . . . Holmes will never get a cent—acting as if he were deeply hurt by his wife's death. Bah! . . . OOH! My chest is coming apart! . . . Is this what dying is like?"

The bedside table crashed to the floor. Harkins closed and opened his eyes and tried to make some sound come from his throat. The nurse came through the door, seeming to glide along, stopping to gape at Harkins, calling to someone outside the room.

Harkins peered at her. She seemed to be on the other side of a cloudy and impenetrable screen. The pains were coming closer together now, like the bass drum in the parade band marching down the street last month during working hours. The face of the nurse appeared above him distressed, shocked. He was moving away from her, receding. His thoughts began to get out of control again. The spasms cracked and reverberated, sounding now like a snare drum or a machine gun. "Why doesn't she do something? . . . Hurts like all hell . . . UHH . . . God is a religious dreamer.??? . . . I don't care . . . 'Find God?' "

The minister knelt beside the empty hulk in the bed and murmured words of prayer. Under the bed the lonely ant fought and fought with the crumb, going now this way, now that way . . .

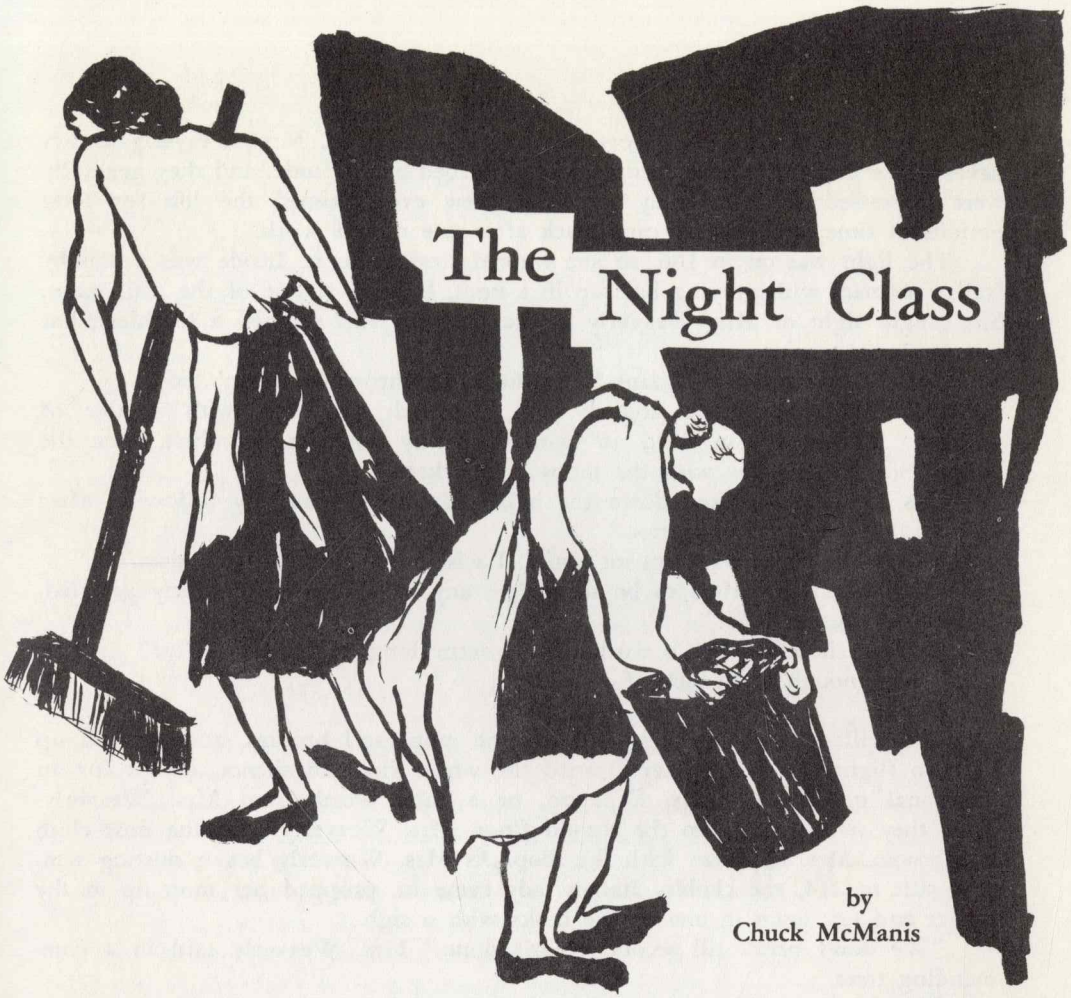
The Ballad of a Smooth Shepherd and a Scotch-skirt

It's Carrie's voice I hear now
Sure, I know that happy sound
She's bringing me some food, the dear
To eat wi' the sheep grazing round.

"Hi li! Carrie my only lass
Ye're carrying something I see."
"Aye, shepherd boy, I've brought ye food
If a kiss ye will give to me."

Well such a lass I ne'er did see
E'er wearing a scotch-plaid skirt
Who'd ask a lad before his sup
To ruin his repast wi' dessert!

—Gary Foy



The Night Class

by
Chuck McManis

The towering gray-stone buildings of Columbia University stood silently as darkness overtook them, and the business of education was ceased. The students had long since gone, and the classrooms were quiet and empty.

The nightwatchman rattled his keys and opened the door to the school science building to admit Mrs. Weaverly, a sour old English lady who had come for the last twenty years to clean. He had opened the door for her every night for most of that twenty years, and still only crusty greetings were exchanged between them. It was partly due to the nightwatchman's Irish ancestry, and partly because Mrs. Weaverly was not a very friendly woman with anybody.

"Already let in the new cleanin' lady," he muttered.

"Wots 'er name?"

"Mizzus Dipiazzo, I think," he replied.

"A Eyetalian woman, huh?"

"Yep."

Mrs. Weaverly closed the door, and walked up the three steps to find the invader of her nighttime domain. Three times a week, the big office sent down

some one to help when the floors needed to be mopped. Mrs. Weaverly always developed a dislike for these people who disturbed her solitude, and they generally were impressed the same way with her. Few ever claimed the job for long periods of time; many never came back after one night's work.

The light was on in 106, so she walked straight to it. Inside was a chubby Italian woman, with graying hair up in a knot, looking at one of the wall maps. She caught sight of Mrs. Weaverly in the doorway and grinned a toothless, but not unpleasant grin.

"Allo. My name is-a Mizzus Dipiazzo. I'm-a the new cleanin' lady."

"Mrs. Weaverly," the English lady muttered; and then with a note of authority, "We start on third an' work our way down, rooms first, then the 'alls. Come an' 'elp me with the mops an' buckets."

Mrs. Weaverly stalked down the hall with the Italian lady following after her trying to make conversation.

"Thos-a maps wazza verra int'restin'. I wish-a I know alla bout dem."

"You won't 'ave time to be seein' 'em any more," Mrs. Weaverly growled, "unless yer dustin' 'em!"

A long silence—"You-a work-a here verra long Mizzus Weav'ly?"

"Long 'nough to be sick of it' all."

"Oh."

They filled up the buckets, got out the mops and brooms, and trudged up the two flights of stairs. They cleaned the whole floor in silence, except for an occasional grunt from Mrs. Dipiazzo, or a curse word from Mrs. Weaverly. Then they started down to the second floor, Mrs. Weaverly with the dust cloth and broom, Mrs. Dipiazzo with the mop. As Mrs. Weaverly began dusting window sills in 214, the chubby Italian lady came in, propped her mop up in the corner and sat down in one of the desks with a sigh.

"We don't break till second floor's done," Mrs. Weaverly said in a commanding tone.

Mrs. Dipiazzo didn't seem to hear her. She sighed again and said "It's-a been a long time-a since I sit inna chair like dis-a. I use da go down-a my Tommy's school-a to da P.T.A. My Tommy was-a such-a smart boy inna school. He could-a tell me all about dese maps. He always study so hard."

"'Ow long did 'e stay in school?" Mrs. Weaverly growled.

"Oh he getta job whan he wazza fourteen . . . . but he wazza good-a boy." She said it almost defensibly.

"Yeh, all us wot ain't 'Merican's got' "Good-a boys'" but they don't stay in school . . . . My boy quit w'en 'e was in the sixth grade. Ain't seen 'im in eight years." Her voice trailed off. Then she turned to Mrs. Dipiazzo, her eyes ablaze. "These 'ere schools ain't fer us poor folks! Yer gotta be rich to go to school! Poor folks got to work, work their 'ind end off while rich folks go to school!"

Mrs. Dipiazzo, not knowing what to say, glanced around the room. Her eyes fell on a picture of Lincoln. "Now-a Abie Lincoln wazza poor an' he mak-a da president an' he go to school too. My Tommy usta tell-a me that."

"Yeh, but 'e was 'Merican. 'E lived 'ere an 'is maw lived 'ere an' 'is gran'maw lived 'ere. You ain't ever 'eard of an Eyetalion President 'ave yer?"

Mrs. Dipiazzo eyed her with a hurt look and Mrs. Weaverly left the room

to the dusting. They cleaned the rest of the second floor in silence, and went to one of the first floor lecture rooms to eat the meager snacks they had brought. Over the door was a sign—Dr. Whiting—Sociology.

"Wanna banana?" Mrs. Dipiazzo tried a gesture of friendship.

"Don't b'lieve so. Got some coffee I'll get."

"I'll-a go with ya."

The two old women walked down the darkened halls of learning. Mrs. Dipiazzo was still troubled. "My boy's a good-a boy. I betcha he could-a be president if he wanna. He just-a wanna be a truck driver instead. He wazza smart boy inna school."

Mrs. Weaverly had a faraway look in her eyes. She seemed to almost be talking to herself. "Ain't seen my boy in eight years. Ain't 'eard a word. 'E sat there for a while, then 'e left . . . Ain't seen 'im in eight years." Mrs. Dipiazzo thought she saw a tear run down Mrs. Weaverly's face but she brushed it away quickly as she got the coffee. They went back into the big lecture room—Dr. Whiting—Sociology—to eat.

Mrs. Dipiazzo looked very grave. "Mizzus Weav'ly," she said slowly, "my boy gotta thrown outa school too. His teacher hate' Eyetalians, I guess. Teacher tell-a him one day never come inta his class smellin' with da garlic an' my boy Tommy kick him an' bit him."

Mrs. Weaverly sat thinking. What Mrs. Dipiazzo had said, knowing that Mrs. Dipiazzo would understand, caused her to remember things that had lain dormant in her mind for years, things she had refused to think about before. She remembered when her Jamey was born in a little hut in England. She remembered how she had looked at him, asleep in the cradle and dreamed that he would be a rich American someday. She remembered her husband's death, the journey across the sea, the cold flat she and Jamey lived in. She remembered the big office as she first saw it twenty years ago when she applied for the cleaning job. Then she remembered Jamey being escorted home, bloody, by a policeman. She remembered how she screamed at him and locked him out. She remembered the empty stairs when she finally opened the door, and the bitter loneliness she had felt since that time . . . Then gently the tears which she had held back so long, began to flow, running down her wrinkled cheeks and over her wrinkled hands. Through her sobs she said, "Why didn't my boy 'ave a chance? Why couldn't 'e be a nice boy? Why couldn't he learn them things wot's good? Why . . . Why . . ."

Mrs. Dipiazzo put her arm around her and stumbled for the right words. "I donna know Mizzus Weav'ly. Sometimes people just gotta live disaway. Sometimes I think I can't go on-a whan I think about it all. So, I just try not-a to think about it."

"Just try not to think about it," Mrs. Weaverly echoed. She picked up her broom and began finishing up the sweeping.

Mrs. Dipiazzo mopped the Sociology room, then took the mops and bucket back to the closet.

"I see ya' tomorrow, ho-K?"

"Yeh."

The next morning classes assembled at 10:00—Dr. Whiting's sociology, studying the problems of the lower classes—and education was resumed.

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